

to the children, and returned just in time to light the candle. Lucy then, sister-like, drew her chair close to her bereaved brother, and talked to him of her own future prospects. Jack was enjoying himself in teaching a little dog to sit erect, and beg for something to eat, and thus it was, my friends, the Bartons had been talking for sometime of the approaching marriage and parting with Lucy, also the bereavement of poor William.

Hardly eighteen months had passed since James' eldest daughter had departed for a better land, a more enduring portion. She was well provided for, her spirit with God, who gave it, her body in the storehouse of mortality.

They sat quiet for some time, then James spoke. "Well, mother, what are you going to do? Lucy will soon be away, and well provided for, but you can't live all alone. How would it do for Harriet to stay with you?"

"I do not know, poor Harriet is so lame, she would fret to see me working about the house and garden. She would try to do all she could to save me, but it would hurt her more than it would help me. No; I have thought of getting a little girl to assist me, and that would give me time to look into William's children, and then Harriet might come and go between us as she liked. Jessie, what do you think?"

"Me; I really don't know what is best to be done. She ought to be here herself to-night, instead of me, but you see James had the horse away, and she could not walk so far. You see Aunt Hatt has been with us so long, ever since Cecilia was born. She and I are just like sisters. I would'nt like her to leave us, but if you and she wish it, I have no right to oppose you."

"William, my son, what do you say?"

"Oh, mother, if you would only come to my poor children." I wish you could dispose of your cottage and orchard to advantage and come and live with me. It would be my greatest happiness to make you comfortable the rest of your days. You then could train my children as you trained us."

"I would like," said she, "to think of that a little while."

"What do you say, James, to William's plan?"

"I say it would save you a great deal of care and trouble, mother. Not to mention the comfort it would be to William and his little flock. Aunt Hatt has been one of our family so long, and she may live with us twice as long, and still be welcome."

A knock at the door here interrupted the conversation, and Jack, returning from opening it said, in a low voice, "Grandma Miss Langford wants to see you just a minute, if you please."

"Oh, Mrs. Barton," she called out, "I'm 'feared I'm imposing on ye, but can I bide here the night?"

"Yes, Maggie, yes."

"Oh, then, thanks, Mrs. Barton."

"No, no, Maggie, don't say a word, but just put the thanks into the stocking leg you were knitting the last night you were here. See, there it is on the kitchen shelf, where you left it. Lucy will get you a warm drink bye and bye, and your rug and pillows."